

In Result

by Rhet Lickliter

At the risk of avoiding the outside,
the sunlit environment that is your nightmare,
you climb back into your unmade bed and
turn into a crumpled up piece of paper.
Shut your swollen eyes.
Forgive yourself.

Take advantage of your own good nature, until
the glorious security of night arises,
laying waste to the coil of the visible.
Hide from the uncensoring critics,
existing in pairs,
double-imaged mirrors,
forcing you to recognize yourself and
confirm their accusations.

You want to remember.
You never want to forget.
The torturing vulnerability surrounded you
and waited.
You stood up straight,
still, motionless and stiff like a behaving statue,
as the camera pulled away into the sky,
the world revolved
and you prayed the movement of your eyes would
go unnoticed.

